

## FEMININE FANCIES-THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

## Psychology of a Woman's Foot.

WHAT is going to happen to the feet of the American woman? A hard question to answer, indeed, for the psychology of the foot has been discussed from so many different standpoints that the subject is now in the throes of mystery. Yes, it is a mystery great and unassuming, for none of us women, unless we have the faintest feel in our feet, want the subject brought up in our presence. If we happen to have the necessary ankles and pink little toes and absence of left we raise the skirt a little bit and display our charms to advantage—or, it should rather be said, to the disadvantage and envy of our dear sisters.

But the subject of feet has always been interesting from an impersonal standpoint. Every woman born of woman considers the care and most effective cover for her feet as the most necessary part of her outfit of charms. A man will allow his shoes to run down a little at the heel and may even consider it unnecessary to replace a broken shoestring with a new one, but you'll never find Pauline doing these things—no, nay, Alexander.

## The Size of the Feet.

The size of feet and their growth is, however, the most interesting, if the most painful phase, when discussing this subject. A leading chiropodist who has worked over some noted toes is positive that in a couple of generations every woman will have feet of equal magnitude with her brothers, because women are using their feet to a greater degree than they ever did. He continues:

"Walk along the principal business streets of any city during business hours and see the woman using her feet. She hurries along with the same fixed purpose as her brother. From the rocking chair and the darning needles she has advanced into taking her place in the struggle for existence. See how she steps out and uses her feet. Now, under the head of the business woman, I have included all women who work in business districts, including, of course, the woman who stands in a store from early morning to 6 o'clock, leaning over a counter with poor, tired feet."

## Society Women in Line.

"But, doctor, society women—all women of the so-called leisure class, married women who are not compelled to work and can afford servants, they do not use their feet sufficiently to cause any effect on future generations," the reporter queried.

"That is where you are wrong again," the chiropodist answered. "I spend all my days among feet, and I have taken particular pains to study the evolution of the society woman's foot. In consequence I can tell you that her foot is becoming larger, better shaped along the lines of true beauty and a more comfortable and dependable foot than it was 25 years ago. The reason is simple—your society woman walks a great deal, goes a great deal, is fond of her tennis and other amusements that bring her closer to nature and to the strength and beauty that nature can give. It will hurt our business nightingale when all women become sensible in their footgear, but for the sake of coming generations I would like to see the dawning of that day."

A well-known manufacturer of women's shoes bears out the statements of the chiropodist and even goes a little further.

## Women's Shoes Are Larger.

"Every day women are becoming more sensible in their footwear and that means

a great deal to their general health. I know that women's shoes average up larger and, while the great high heels, with their monstrous appearance and painful effects on their wearers, are still on the market for the woman who is an extremist and a faddist all the time, the great demand is for common-sense shoes."

So with the increase in the size of the feet of future generations we are promised a more classical foot, a more dependable foot and a healthier woman in consequence, which is all very interesting. Since time was men have been a dependent being, and the size of his foot exemplifies it. On him, in the early days of the history of the world, devolved the duty of providing the food for the tribe or family. With feet calloused and hardened from childhood, he roamed the woods. In the Middle Ages he went forth for the same purpose, only he had a different method of performing his work. He went after his neighbor, stole his possessions from him, or, failing this, he burned them to the ground. And so through the



The Various Types.

centuries man has always been a creature of action and of large feet.

## Feet of Different Nations.

It is interesting to note the different ideas of beauty of foot that prevail in various countries. From babyhood the Chinese woman's foot is bound in long bandages for the purpose of keeping them small. The practice is a cruel one, and even in China has lost its power as a custom. Among one of the numerous actions of the progressive Chinese of the present generation has been an effort to educate their people against the cruel practice. The genuine old-time colored washerwoman of our own country is a descendant of the land where the women have been the harder workers of the sexes, for we all remember the jingle about the African traveler who was pitted by the women of that country: "Let us pity the poor white man! No mother has he to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn."

The feet of this good old soul have not been generations enough removed from this better civilization that the hard work of her forebears have not left a distinctive mark.

But more dependable feet do not sound bad. Now, does it?

## THE CRAZE FOR JET.

The craze for Jet is shown not only in the millinery on exhibition, but in the jewelry in the store windows. The jet shown is not intended for wear with mourning, but for decoration whether the toilet be black or colored. Some of the pieces are very beautiful. A row of disks attached to a wire seems to be the favorite in the jewelry line, and this can be carried out in filigree or solid jet dots.

## Mr. Justweld Goes Out with the Boys

LIKE a shot from a "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" gun, it came. And the devastation and despair it left in its wake made a barren waste of a peaceful, happy home—for a time, at least. It wasn't a Kansas cyclone nor the plague, pestilence and famine—it was simply a statement of Mr. Justweld, uttered without suspicion and without guile, to the effect that he was going out with the boys that night for a friendly little "sitting."

"Out—with—the boys!" Mrs. Justweld echoed, as one who fears her ears have deceived her. "Out—with—the boys! Why, Homer, I scarcely understand—" "Now, dear," Mr. J. hastened to explain, "that is merely a slang term. You see, Tom and Bob are having a little 'sitting' at their flat this evening and I—" "Sitting?" queried Mrs. Justweld, frigidly. "and, pray, what may that be?" "Oh, to be sure, you dear, innocent little woman," Mr. J. soothed, quite jauntily, "of course you couldn't be expected to understand. 'Sitting,' my dear Blossom, means a quiet little game of poker—just between friends."

"Poker!" gasped Mrs. J. "Oh, Homer, not—not for money?" "No, no!" Mr. Justweld hastened to assure her. "That is, not for a sum to amount to anything. Just a nominal amount, dear—to make the game interesting, you know."

Mrs. Justweld was silent. In her eyes was that far-away look of one who sees beyond this vale of woe. Rigid as a statue she sat in eloquent silence. Mr. J. began to fidget. In his eyes was that "caught-in-the-act" look that became well the nervous twitching of his fingers.

"You see, Blossom, sweet," he began in a vain attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters, "Tom called me up today and told me that the fellows—my good old pals of bachelor days—had decided to give me a little party tonight—a sort of pleasant reminder, you know, of the good times we used to have together. Of course, something has to be done to pass away the time—we can't sit like ninnyms looking at each other, can we?—so he suggested that it might as well be poker as anything else. Now, I never did care much about go—"

"Is that so?" Mrs. Justweld exclaimed, real snappish like. "But has it occurred to you that you are leaving me alone

tonight all by myself?" "Why, Blossom," Mr. J. answered, quite virtuously surprised, "you will not be alone. You told me Martha and Agnes and several of the girls are coming to see you tonight."

"Well, they aren't," Mrs. Justweld interposed. "At least, I shall phone them not to, so there!" "Oh, I see," said Mr. J. in a spiritless, willing-but-the-flesh-weak tone. "If that is the way you feel about it, I wouldn't think of going. I'd ten thousand times rather be with you than—"

"I don't believe it. I simply can't believe it," Mrs. Justweld had sobbed, with a most significant move toward her handkerchief. "I don't believe—Why, Homer—I actually—believe—you—are—afraid-of—staying-home—with—booboo—hoo!"

Mr. J. made a wild gesture like tearing his hair.

"Now, Blossom," he pleaded, "do be sensible! What an absurd statement to make—as though I could possibly prefer to be any other place than with you! Why—why—"

"Well, then," sobbed Mrs. J., completely in tears, "why do—do—you want to go? You don't care—about—the poker, you say!"

"Of course not! Of course not! But you see, Blossom, a fellow likes once in a while to play a friendly little game with his old pals and—"

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. J., almost triumphantly. "I knew it! You aren't content with your home. You're bored—utterly bored! Very well, go and play your old poker—go right away—don't wait a single minute!"

"I will not!" thundered Mr. J., quite masterfully. "I will not! I won't budge from this flat! I don't want to!"

And, picking up the phone, he informed Tom that his wife was ill and that he couldn't under any conceivable circumstances be present. Then he grabbed up the evening paper and began to peruse it viciously.

Mrs. J. dried her eyes. For a long time she sat staring at the light, deep in the solution of some troublesome, weighty problem.

Suddenly she smiled. One could almost hear her mental cry of "Eureka!"

Silently she left the living-room, and presently Mr. J. heard her fumbling around in the dining-room. The sound of chairs being moved came to him through

the portieres. Then, all of a sudden the unmistakable sound of poker chips—yes, poker chips—being fingered on the hard surface of a table brought him to his feet. Hastening hurriedly to the dining-room he beheld—the dining-room table stripped of its cover, two chairs in place and a deck of cards and a big pile of red, white and blue chips resting invitingly on its polished surface!

"What?" gasped Mr. J., "what—what in the world are you doing, Blossom?" Mrs. J.'s face was absolutely radiant.

"Everything's all ready for a nice, quiet little 'sitting,' Homer, dear," she beamed, "and you won't miss your beloved poker after all. I'm sure I can learn the game in a very few minutes—if you'll just explain it to me."

Mr. Justweld hesitated between laughter and tears—and ended by catching Mrs. J. in his arms.

Then he sat down to initiate her into the mysteries of poker.

His patience was simply beatific. Realizing that it was "up to him," and being by nature and early environments something of a "game youngster," Mr. Justweld struggled nobly with the difference between "three of a kind" and "two pair," and the fact that one didn't actually have to have "jacks" to open—since anything "better" would do the trick.

In the end he survived the ordeal. He even went so far as to pretend that the rest of the boys were there—and dealt them hands and won their money. And when Mrs. J. laid down a "full-house, aces up," which he knew she had all the time—to his "full-house on deuces," he enthusiastically helped her rake in the "large and juicy pot."

More than that, at eleven o'clock he even suggested "one more round," and was as pleased as a child with a new toy when Mrs. J. corralled the remainder of his chips.

"Why, Homer, dear," cried Mrs. J., ecstatically, "poker isn't so bad, is it? Haven't we had just an adorable evening? Oh—oh—goodie—goodie! I have it! You ask Tom and the rest of your pals around tomorrow night—I don't mind your playing at all, if you will only do it at home—where I can see you!"

"Fine!" shouted Mr. J., "fine! I'll call them up the first thing tomorrow! Indeed, Blossom dear, you have no idea how much I have enjoyed my evening out with the boys!"

And Mrs. J. was radiant!

## The Young Idea Shoots.

A CERTAIN fair young substitute in one of the public schools of a large Middle West city recently discovered that it is preferable, perhaps, to spank the young idea rather than to teach it to shoot by the new fangled methods of persuasion and kindness. Though the elucidating incident that brought her around to that way of thinking was one that she had to take seriously, she is still laughing at the mischievousness of the principle.

He was not the proverbial freckle-faced, red-haired lad, from whom one naturally expects such pranks, but a golden-haired, cherubic little boy, who really looked as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. In fact, he was a prize scholar, a perfect example of propriety. His fall from grace was as complete as it was sudden and original. And it happened in this way:

As the line filed into the room one day



The Bad Boy Grinned From Ear to Ear.

last week after the morning recess she heard an awful racket in the cloakroom. Sailing into the thick of the fray, she discovered the cherub in a real rough-and-tumble fight with the school's Bad Boy. She separated them in a jiffy and sent them to their respective seats. Vigorous questioning disclosed the fact that the cherub had had a bag of peanuts which the Bad Boy insisted on taking away from him. Hence the scrap.

The young schoolma'am started forth with to deliver a long and impressive lecture upon the despatchment of a lad trying to take from another what didn't belong to him.

"Aw, teacher, I ast him to give me one and the stingy told me to shut up!" the Bad Boy interposed.

Then the young lady took occasion to speak of the beauty and sanctity of generosity and the absolute joy of the giver in making another happy by even so small a gift as a peanut. That and a lot more on the same strain was presented to the youthful mind amid complete silence and the closest of attention. The Bad Boy was then made to stand up and apologize for his buccanier act. The cherub then expressed his regrets for his selfishness.

About a half hour later the geography lesson was interrupted by the raised and waving hand of the cherub. "Teacher," he cried, "I want to give Tommy a peanut. I'm sorry I was so mean!"

The young substitute was simply delighted.

"That is a very commendable spirit, indeed, Johnny. I am glad to see that you have been thinking over what I said to you. Now, both of you boys come to my desk and show the other boys and girls how nice it is to forgive and make up."

Both lads took the position ordered, directly in front of her desk. The cherub's face was very grave. He carried the peanut carefully—a big one, too. The Bad Boy had sent a shy wink of disgust at the school as he turned at the end of the aisle.

"Now, Tommy," said teacher, "hold out your hand."

"Give it to him, Johnny, and tell him that you hope he will enjoy it."

The cherub extended his hand slowly, with the big, fat peanut.

"Tommy," he said, with admirable earnestness, "I want you to have this peanut, and I do hope you enjoy it!"

The Bad Boy grinned from ear to ear. There was disgust, plain and unvarnished, upon his face.

"Aw, shucks!" he giggled as his hand closed over the peace offering.

Then he jumped at least as high as the teacher's desk.

The cherub had carefully removed the kernel of the peanut and as carefully filled the shell with ink!

## Bathroom Fixings and Furnishings.

IF you would have your bathroom look well, buy articles of a superior quality. This is a rule that always holds good. Heavily nicked accessories have one advantage over inexpensive pieces in that they are easy to keep clean, as a daily rubbing with a dry, warm rag will preserve their brightness.

A rubber bath mat for use in the bottom of the tub to prevent slipping is a very useful article. The door should be provided with a serviceable mat. The variety of soap dishes provides a large number to choose from.

A towel rack is a necessity and the arm bracket is preferred to the bar. It is much more convenient when more than one towel needs airing.

Bath spray tubing may be purchased in various lengths. The shower bath fixture is cheap and no longer a luxury.

## Small Parties for Children.

IT IS a great mistake to allow a child to give a large party, as the result often is a nervous breakdown, caused by the attendant fatigue. Rich food should not be served indiscriminately at children's parties, as the result often is a dangerous attack of indigestion for one or more of the children. Another reason why the large party is undesirable is that the dust the children raise in their romping gets into their throats, and has, often, a very injurious effect. For a child under the age of ten the party should never be made up of more than four to six children. The mother of the child giving the party may watch this number and send them home confident that their little stomachs and nerves will not suffer.

## A CORNER FOR MEN

## Peculiar Remedies.

RECENTLY, in an antique shop in New York, a copy of "The London Dispensary," published over 250 years ago by one, Nich Culpeper, was found. Here are a few of the old prescriptions it contained for the edification and use of its readers:

"Tree Ivy is admirable for ill effects coming of drunkenness and therefore the poets feigned Bacchus to have his head bound with them. Your best way is to boil them in the same liquor you got your surfeit by drinking."

"Eels being put into wine or beer and sufficed to die in it, he that drinks it will never endure that sort of liquor again. Grasshoppers being eaten ease the cholera. Swallows being eaten preserve the sight and preserve from drunkenness."

"To draw a tooth without pain, fill an earthen crucible full of emnets, or ants, call them by which name you will, eggs and all, and when you have burnt them, keep the ashes, with which if you touch a tooth it will fall out."

"Earthworms are admirable remedy for cut nerves, being applied to the place. Earthworms made into a powder and put into a hollow tooth make it drop out."

"Cowslip strengthens the brain, senses and the memory exceedingly and quell all diseases there, as convulsions, palsies, etc., etc."

Concerning other things, the eminent author says:

"The emerald being worn in a ring takes away vain and foolish fears, as of devils, hobgoblins, etc. It takes away folly and anger, and if it do so being

## A Street Car Episode.

IT happened on a crowded traction car the other afternoon at the time of day when the weary homemakers are returning from their day of grinding labor at their desks. One of them, a mild-looking man, so worn that he positively looked ill, had just sunk gratefully into a seat with a sigh of relief when a woman, luxuriously overdressed, entered with an air of importance and stood by the Weary One.

He half arose, but sank back again, resigned to be considered impolite.

The pompous woman shifted to the other foot noisily and lurched up against him as the car made a curve.

"I don't see," she exclaimed, vindictively and pointedly, gazing straight at the poor Weary One. "Why they don't run cars just for men and avoid embarrassing them by the sight of a woman hanging on to a strap!"

The Weary One gave up the ghost, so to speak, and got up, meekly offering his seat with a courteous:

"Please take my seat, madam."

The pompous, overdressed woman dounced down into the seat without so much as a mumbled "Thank you!" in

worn about one, reason will tell him that being beaten into a powder and taken inwardly it will do much more.

"There is a stone about the bigness of a bean, found in the gizzard of an old cock, which makes him that bears it beloved, constant and bold, valiant in fighting, beloved by women and potent in sports."

A recipe for preparing earthworms is as follows:

"Fill them down the middle and wash them in white wine so often till they be cleansed from their impurities, then dry and keep them for your use."

After numerous other similarly profound suggestions, old Nich winds up with an apology:

"If you findest me here and there a little lavish in such expressions as many like not, I pray pardon that, it is my dialect. I cannot write without it. I assure thee that it was not premeditated. If thou thinkest I did it for gain thou art so wide from the truth that unless thou change thy opinion 'tis to be feared that truth and you will not meet again for a long time."

## A BOOMERANG.

AT a small country boarding-house resort "down in ole Virginia," this past summer, the girls decided to give a dance in the town hall on the mutual benefit plan, so to speak. Half of the expenses of the hall, music and refreshments, it was planned, should be borne by them and the other half by the men. The fair chairman of the refreshment committee, in exhorting the prospective dancers to make no mistake in the details agreed upon, wrote:

"The girls will furnish the sugar and the men will bring the lemons!"

fact, she did it spitefully and with an air of really conferring a favor upon the Weary One by accepting his seat.

Several men snickered.

The Weary One grew red and green, and then pale under the girls.

Suddenly his expression became determined.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, quietly, "but you are sitting on something that belongs to me. May I trouble you to get up and let me?"

"Humph!" snorted the pompous woman, arising with an air of injured dignity and utter disgust.

The man bent over and pretended to look for a lost article.

The woman stepped out into the aisle, languidly.

The Weary One straightway sat down in the seat, opened his evening paper and began to read as placidly as you please.

"Well, well!" gasped the pompous woman, "I thought I was sitting on something that—"

"Yes, madam," the Weary One explained, soothingly, "you were—my seat!"

The pompous woman left the car at the next corner.

## Mr. A. Good Fellow on the First of the Month.

TALK about your strenuous weeks," sighed Mr. A. Good Fellow, as he reached for the swinging lighter in the clear store and picked out a soft place on the counter to lean against, "this one just past has certainly been a scorcher for me. Why? Well, look here! Do you mean to tell me, man you can look me straight in the face and ask such a question?"

"Don't you ever have any bills to settle on the first of the month? When it gets to the end of the month don't you have that sort of Sherlock Holmes feeling? And when the morning of the first dawns, don't you mentally don sack-cloth and

ashes and raise your voice in lamentations—that you just can't settle a little bit on every last creditor and stave them off for another month? You don't! Come here! Let me feel you and see if you are real!"

"Say, on the level, I wish you'd put me next to how you do it. Economy? Management? Saving up for a rainy day? Aw, don't pass me a lot of con like that—I know all those roads to Easy street—but the thing I want to know is how you economize, how you manage, and how you save up for a rainy day. Tell it to me, and I won't pass it by."

"Did you ever stop to think of the fool stunts a man does during the month, just

because somebody thinks he's good for the cash? You can't figure it out in your own case, you say? Well, then, let me do it out for you in mine. There's your smoke, for example. Will you tell me exactly why a man likes to run a bill at a cigar store, and then try to settle for it all in a lump instead of paying as he goes—and doing without when he hasn't got the price? I'm not practicing what I preach; but, take it from me, it ought to be just as easy to pay as you go—and a whole lot easier when the first of the month comes, without a big smoke bill staring you in the face."

"Funny about this first-of-the-month business, ain't it? I'm glad to see it come,

for it means drawing my monthly drag-down from the office. But I dread it as a day of battle, murder and sudden death. Then, you see, he, I get my money then, but I can't even get in a breath between the time I say "How-do-do" to it and "Good-by." Honest, it goes that fast it doesn't even hesitate. And then you feel like somebody had handed you a gold brick. Here you've been working hard all month for something you call your salary—and then you get it—and then you hand it right over for the things you have left undone that you ought to have done in the past thirty days. It reminds one of the way a man goes after a woman when he wants to marry her. He is like a fellow chasing a street car—he runs like the dickens after the car, catches it, and then—well, he's got it. I get my salary, and then I get a whole lot of bills. Aw, what's the use!

"And did you ever think of the thousand and one double-jointed, certified, cure-or-your-money-back devices that a fellow is told make the road to a big, fat bank account a lover's lane strewn with roses? Don't draw all your salary, says one. The minute you get it, says another, call for the police and make them take your collateral for any old charge you can build—doze them into putting against you. Start a subscription for the purchase of feather beds for the South Sea Islanders, some one suggests, and skip to Horry with the rake-off. And so it goes. Come to the bottom of it, though, I guess old John D. had the only sure-fire way of doing the trick—putting all his salary in bank and living on the pleasant anticipations of what he would have some day—minus that little twenty-nine million fine for rebates."

"I've tried every new-fangled method ever advertised and first of the month is just as much of a kill-joy as before I started. How do you do it? I've been looking for a chap like you to put me wise as to how to keep ahead of the game for many moons. Come on, loosen up!"

"What? You—give it to your wife! Say, now, don't get gay with—aw, what's the use! Forget it! What'll you have? It's on me this trip."

## Dress Hints for Men.

MANY of the windows are now making display of fancy waistcoats. Flannel ones, very light in color, or white ones, worn with dark clothes, are very smart. Others are dark in color and of heavily ribbed velvet.

A waistcoat for wear with the dinner jacket, that seems to be much in vogue, is of cloth of silver; with it are worn chased silver buttons and studs.

A recent question of neckties may be mentioned the pastel toned scarfs in heavy winter silks. Of light color—pink, tan and yellow—they are at their best when worn with a white waistcoat. A number of knitted ones in salt-and-pepper patterns are also being shown.

The latest wrinkle in moderate priced socks is said to be the one made of silk over lisle. In many colors, and elaborate in appearance, they are still much less expensive than the all silk ones. Many of the less costly lines are now offering hose and scarfs to match—a combination that generally pleases.

## Unique Golf.

OVER in the Fiji Islands the natives have a game that resembles some of what the popular game of golf. It is called "tiga" and is said to be over several hundred years old. Played by the natives as they walk along their roadways, it requires a 100 per cent. more skill than does golf. It is played in this manner:

A long reed is fitted at one end with a large brown bean. This is balanced in the hand like a javelin and hurled forward, with the force of a forefinger as the motive power. The tip, as it is called, is hurled at some small hillock, several yards ahead, as the natives walk along. The reed strikes the mound, glances off and skims along several hundred feet before coming to earth. It is self-evident that great skill is necessary to make the tip hit the mound of earth at just the right angle to glance off, and continue its flight. As in golf, the object is to make as long a "drive" as possible.

## Square House, Cement and Half-timber Exterior.

BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK.



THIS plan illustrates a house that is nearly square, the size being 30 feet in width by 27 feet in depth, exclusive of piazza that extends across the front. The exterior treatment being in cement, with half timbers showing in the second story. The roof is high pitched, with wide spreading cornice and rafters showing on the under side. The attic is good height and lighted with dormers. The vestibule entrance is in the center, with a large reception-room on the left,

with den in the rear. The main stair-case leads up from the center opposite the entrance, and is arranged with combination stairs from the kitchen and grade entrance underneath. The dining-room is in the front on the right hand side and connects the kitchen through the pantry. The finish of the first story is in hard wood; the second story is divided into four chambers, with closets for each, and convenient bathroom. Stairs to attic lead up over the main stairs. There is a basement under the entire house, with laundry room, etc. The finish of the second story is in paint or enamel. The outside of the house is covered with metal flashing and cemented with "Pebble Dash" finish. This house is estimated to cost \$3,500, exclusive of heating and plumbing. The cement may be left in the natural color or can be colored to suit the taste of the owner. The color of the cement walls will have much to do with the painting of the trimmings and the roof.

